Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, July 5, 1917 Number 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

DEPARTURE

While the far, farewell music thins and fails,
  And the broad bottoms rip the nearing brine,
  All smalling slowly to the great sea line—
And each significant red smoke-shaft pales,

Keen sense of severance everywhere prevails,
  Which shapes the late long tramp of mounting men
  To seeming words that ask and ask again:
How long, O ruling Teutons, Slavs and Gaels,

Must your wroth reasonings trade on lives like these,
  That are as puppets in a playing hand?—
When shall the saner, softer polities
  Whereof we dream, have sway in each proud land,
  And patriotism, grown God-like, scorn to stand
Bond-slave to realms, but circle earth and seas?

—*Thomas Hardy.*

(Written Before This War)

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 291
"Committee on Americanization" 292
"The Household Altar" 292

THE PULPIT—
Emerson and the Free Religious Association.—Samuel McChord Crothers 294

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED—
Another to Be Counted.—Arthur B. Heeb 295
How I Became Interested in the Immigrant.—*Mrs. F. P. Bagley* 296
The Logic of Tippoo Na Gai.—*H. W. VanLoon* 297
The Cult of Hate.—Lucia Ames Mead 298
Charles Lamb.—E. Basil Lupton 298
A Task for Women in War Time.—*Zona Gale* 302
Services at All Souls Church.—Q 302

POETRY—
Departure.—*Thomas Hardy* 289
God's Dreams.—*Thomas Curtis Clark* 291
Songs Out of Stress.—*Sara Teasdale* 300

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Flowering of Christianity Into Universal Religion. XXII. Whittier 300

THE FIELD—
Program of 3rd Am. Conf. on Democracy and Terms of Peace.—Q 303
Dr. Gannett's "Household Altar" 303

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

Special Offer

The best works of Dr. Jones were originally published in pamphlet form. We have collected these pamphlets into a single package which we are now offering at exactly half price, containing:

1. The Intellectual Life.
2. The Dual Mystery.
3. The Monroe Doctrine Enlarged.
4. A Plea for Peace Among Nations.
5. The Divinity of Fatherhood.
6. Great Hopes for Great Souls.
7. What Shall I Do to Be Saved.
8. Death as a Friend.
9. The Selfishness of Grief.
10. The Carpenter's Son, the Leader of Men.

The ten pamphlets which originally sold at 10c each, all in a neat envelope now only.....50c

ALSO

Applied Religion—4 10c pamphlets, now 20c

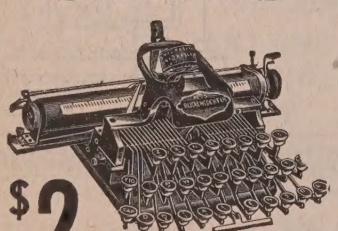
I. A New Help for the Drunkard.
II. Tobacco, the Second Intoxicant.
III. No Sex in Crime.
IV. Not Institutions but Homes.

This is a rare opportunity for readers of UNITY to obtain the above Gems of Thought on a variety of subjects at less than the cost of printing. Send in your order without delay to

Unity Publishing Company
700 Oakwood Blvd.
CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

TYPEWRITER SAMPLES



$2.00 No. 5 Model

Balance $10.00 on delivery. Just a few of these $40.00 machines on hand, while they last at $12.00. These machines are thoroughly guaranteed in every respect. Pin a $2.00 bill to your letter and send in TODAY.

Blickensderfer Mfg. Co.
107 N. Dearborn St. . Chicago

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

BUY AT HOME
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Avenue

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of Charge

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED

FRANK R. PRIEVE, Pres.
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE
AT
PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1917 NUMBER 19

GOD'S DREAMS

Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams!
Shall we decry them and scorn them?
That men shall love one another,
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market-place,
That lust shall yield to love for the race,
That man shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—God's dreams!

Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!
Can we say nay as they claim us?
That men shall cease from their hating,
That war shall soon be abating,
That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,
That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,
That the love of humanity shall prevail—
Dreams are they all,
But shall we despise them—God's dreams!

—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

The May and June number of the *Community Forum,* published by the Ford Hall Foundation, Boston, Mass., is a pamphlet of seventy-four pages, reporting the very interesting national meeting held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, last April.

The Winchester Gun men are advertising an "Automatic Riot Gun" which they commend to "Industrial Plants." They also recommend Buckshot cartridges because "they spread out over a wider area and are consequently more effective for plant protection." We are not paid for this notice, but nevertheless we will furnish the information that they can fill telegraphic orders for the guns at $40, or in lots of ten or more at a time for $35 per. The advertisement says: "Since the severing of diplomatic relations with Germany, we have received numerous inquiries by telegraph along these lines."

Popular Government is the name of still another new magazine, a monthly, issued by the National Popular Government League with headquarters at 637 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C. The first issue has twenty handsome pages, printed on sumptuous paper, so sumptuous as to convict it of amateurishness, for the old standbys have learned the necessity of economy. We believe it is better tactics to strengthen the old ones than to yield to the temptation of starting new organs in the interest of all the new things. That there is a need of this one more may be easily shown; that it can live is a question that can be settled only by time. If it lives, we will rejoice; if it dies, we will mourn one more magazine—

"Dead from too much excellence!"

Rev. Charles G. Peace, President of the "Non-smokers' Protective League of America," in an open letter to the President pushes the conservation argument and the clean army plea to a logical conclusion, when he reminds the President of the fell influence of tobacco upon soldiers. He offers medical evidence that "the practice lessens muscular strength 44 per cent (Lombard); lessens mental activity 13 per cent (Bush); seriously interferes with the increase of lung capacity (Seaver and Hitchcock); causes chronic congestion of brain and spinal cord (Clark); causes color blindness and deafness (physician to employes of Santa Fe Railway); conduces to tuberculosis (Henry Phipps Institute); decreases accuracy of aim as per experiments; deflects one from normality (Luther Burbank states that a man who smokes even one cigar a day cannot be intrusted with his finest work). He further reminds the President that one and a half million acres of fertile soil and the large amount of labor involved are employed in growing tobacco to the exclusion of foodstuffs. The Doctor protests agains the pipe and tobacco elements in the "comfort bags" which enthusiastic women generously provide for the boys in the trenches. Who is the fool in this case?

The Woman Citizen has a clean, bright, new face. It looks jaunty and starts out quite smart. It floats the words "Official Organ" at its masthead and quotes glibly "In union there is strength." We hasten to salute this new venture, but frankly confess at the same time that we don't like to think that we have received for the last time the welcome visit of *The Woman's Journal,* which for forty-seven years, through good report and ill report has kept the flag a-flying, not only for the enfranchisement of women but for all the great and growing things that fit women for the ballot and that make their demands more and more imperative. After all, personality is worth more than officiality. There is no "national association," however defined, that can continue the potency or imitate the persuasiveness of Lucy Stone, Henry Blackwell and Alice Stone Blackwell. The incisive sincerity of these pioneers, their readiness to stand alone, their independence of, and, whenever necessary, their defiance to associations and committees, federations and what not, are what made *The Woman's Journal* a maker of men as well as of women, a convincing invader into the realms of stupidity, conventionality and timidity, a leader in re-

forms. We are glad to know that Alice Stone Blackwell is still to be an editorial contributor to the new venture. We will wait to see how far the impersonal "official organ" will lead the hosts toward the brotherhood of man, the humanity of woman, and the internationalism that can be realized only on the uplands of peace. The title-page bears a striking cartoon with a feminine goddess of Suffrage demanding of Uncle Sam that he "take the mock out of democracy." Were the modern divinity more clear eyed, she would demand that he take the bayonet out of the picture and remind him that the banner of democracy cannot be floated on a musket barrel. The publication office of this new venture is a 171 Madison Avenue, New York City; subscription price, $1 per annum.

"Committee on Americanization"

This is the caption of a new department recently organized in the National American Woman Suffrage Association with Mrs. F. P. Bagley of Boston as chairman. Mrs. Bagley comes to her task not only with a clear head and a warm heart, but, if we may use the figure, with a trained hand. UNITY has watched her growth in internationalism these many years. It has noted how this favored American woman found her way into the confidences of her Italian neighbors in Chicago. It knows how this efficient "club woman" succeeded in finding fellowship and establishing comradeship with the women in the tenements.

In meeting simply the business problems that confront a landlord of a tenement building, in dealing with rent collections and plumbing difficulties, she found the solution of many of the perplexities of city life. Mrs. Bagley discovered fresh approaches to the human soul by simply passing from the Woman's Club rooms on Michigan Boulevard to the west of State Street where the Italian women were solving in many ways, more successfully than the Michigan Boulevard women, the problems of home making, child rearing and man management.

As chairman of the "Americanization Committee" Mrs. Bagley proposes to appoint a chairman of Americanization in every state to hold mass meetings for foreigners in school centers; to enlist their interest and win their confidence by showing stereopticon scenes from the home country; to teach them English by short cut methods; to interest them in child and juvenile welfare; to correct the injustices of our immigration laws; and, most difficult, and most important of all, to effect "the foreignization of Americans," if we understand the phrase—the helping Americans to comprehend and appreciate the rich stores of spiritual life now oftentimes suppressed and enslaved under the blind words "foreign" and "foreigner."

It is a familiar story to settlement workers and other students of social life in our great cities that tells of the superior appreciation, the more alert minds, the more aspiring patriotism found "across the river," "beyant the tracks," or whatever term may indicate the foreign territory in any of our great cities.

The most discouraging material the social worker has to deal with is found among the American born in the Avenue and Boulevard constituencies where there is a lack of ambition, a laziness of heart, a paralysis of will, the smugness of selfishness.

We are glad to reprint in another column the intimate word from our old friend and co-worker, Mrs. Bagley, as published in the first issue of *The Woman Citizen* of June 2nd. See page 296.

"The Household Altar"

This is the title of a thoughtful pamphlet of fifty pages in which William C. Gannett has condensed his plea for a finer, higher, and more adequately expressed devoutness in the "homes of the liberal faith" of today. Into this pamphlet Mr. Gannett has put the thought and experience of a long and notable lifetime. His plea for the religious training of the child has been heard from time to time in the columns of this paper throughout its entire life of well nigh forty years. His little book, entitled "The Child at the Breakfast Table," has passed through various stages of evolution with which UNITY has kept in touch, and now comes this final, ripened word which pleads with parents to reach the soul of the child, to rear household shrines, to make Sunday the day beautiful, the afternoon of which should be a divinity-school hour.

We suspect that Mr. Gannett has unwittingly made too broad a distinction between what he calls those of the "liberal faith" and those of "orthodox" affiliations. We fear that his diagnosis of the shrineless home of liberals is largely true of the modern home everywhere. The historic family altar has not only been crowded out by growth of thought, and increase of respect for individual will, and a growing distrust of the doctrinal basis of the old regime, but it has been crowded out by the bicycle, the automobile, the gold field, and still more intrusive, the morning paper, the club interests, and the clubbing instincts fanned into abnormal activity among modern men as well as among modern women.

We would also like to believe that Mr. Gannett takes rather too gloomy a view of what he calls the dearth of religiousness in our homes, but we dare not parry the force of his sentences by such a phrase, for we believe that it is all too true; that the parents have "abdicated"—that is Mr. Gannett's word—the high funcions that belong by the decree of social evolution to the priest and priestess of the home fireside. Mr. Gannett says that mental training has been delegated

to the public school teacher; religious training has been surrendered to the Sunday School teacher, and worst of all, the choice of companions, amusements and books has been surrendered too much to the child himself.

Much as the present writer believes in the Sunday School, and despite the persistent dedication of his time and thought to Sunday School work during his long ministry, he still must re-iterate an opinion many times expressed in the columns of this paper that the practical outcome of an immense proportion of "Sunday School work," so-called, leads to the *non*-religion, not to say irreligion, of the grown-up boy and girl. This comes about, first from the inadequacy of time and attention given to religious questions; a brief, hurried one hour a week, filled with distractions, the rattle of machinery, the slapping of the belts that make the Sunday School wheels go round. Next, it results from the superficial and non-prophetic character of the teaching in the Sunday School, largely entrusted to immature minds, that have neither thought themselves to the clear on religious topics or lived themselves deeply into the religious life. These superficial lessons, hung artificially on disconnected Bible texts, are further devitalized by the Sunday School "songs," consisting often of dogerel poetry set to rag-time music. How can the devout spirit be promoted by such machinery?

But more than these counts is the damning abandonment of these instrumentalities by the parents themselves. Mothers who flock to mid-week discussions concerning baby foods, child gymnastics, hygienic dresses, up-to-date dancing-teachers, and Parisian accents of the French that their darlings are acquiring, bundle their children off to a Sunday School which they almost never visit, and would resent a serious suggestion that they might go with the child, in view of their tremendous "pre-occupations, don't you know!"—so many committees to attend, so many reports to make, so many papers to write and so many speeches to deliver.

This feminine disloyalty to the child is balanced by a still more stolid indifference on the part of the father who spends the long work days in absorbing devotion to business that he may better *"clothe," "feed"* and *"educate"* the dear children whose future welfare is indeed his highest concern. But when it comes to the consideration of the spiritual feeding, the religious clothing, the intellectual training of the same children, their claims are dismissed with a smile, if not with a sneer, and an "I-leave-all-that-to-the-mother" excuse. Of course the Sunday morning long nap and the incidental dishevelled slipper-dressing-gown-and-cigar hardening of the heart toward little ones is father's adequate apology for the abandonment of the highest functions of fatherhood. Of course this Sunday morning sloth is shaken off in time for a big Sunday dinner, an afternoon golf, or an automobile drive, and perhaps a social season with congenial neighbors in the evening, after the children are all in bed. Surely Mr. Gannett is right when he says: "The Sunday School is at best but a makeshift, not a substitute for the home."

We will not try to epitomize his argument. Like everything else Mr. Gannett writes, it is condensed thinking, compressed to the point where prose breaks into poetry.

The copy at hand is privately printed and bears no imprint but that of Cambridge, Mass. We hope that some publishing house devoted to the higher life of the child and the spiritual sanctities of the home will put in on the market. Barring the certain unnecessary and passing emphasis on the word "liberal" as contradistinguished from "orthodox," already alluded to, there is nothing in this timely essay but what is equally as applicable to the Presbyterian as to the Unitarian home. It is a publication that ought to commend itself to the Society for Religious Education so that it might reach the widest possible constituency.

Mr. Gannett has hinted at the mechanics that will help toward a devout home, and *helps* are necessary. But a profounder diagnosis may discover this irreverence rooted in the absence of intellectual honesty and spiritual candor. The remedy comes along those lines that revive the faith in intangible things and in the potency of love. Carl Schurz, in his Reminiscences, tells of how he and his young wife in the home of Jay Gould saw this great financier devoutly kneeling with his family in morning prayer, then jumping up, clapping his hands and saying: "Now let's have a jolly time." The story is told not in a derogatory spirit, but it represents the fatal line of cleavage. Duty is supposed to be sombre and jollity is allied with freedom from responsibility. Not until the New Testament is taken more seriously and the obvious spirit of Jesus is taken on its face value and his message applied to every-day problems, national as well as individual, can we expect children to grow up instructed in the historic sanctities and touched by the prophetic obligations of life. Stonewall Jackson was a praying general. He had devout followers, but when the young men began to distrust the sanctity of the cause and to doubt the potency of Stonewall Jackson's God, they lost their reverence on those lines.

Perhaps there is some connection between the irreverent homes and the musketeer Christians, the carelessness about Sunday School and this far-reaching lapse into an ultimate trust in powder and bayonets rather than in love and peace.

We commend Mr. Gannett's pamphlet to church workers as well as home makers. A temporary supply is provided through the agency of the American Unitarian Association. See page 303.

THE PULPIT

"Emerson and the Free Religious Movement"

Samuel McChord Crothers
Member Board of Directors 1900-1904

Delivered at the Fiftieth Meeting of the Free Religious Association in Boston, May 25, 1917

When the meeting was held in Boston May 30, 1867, for organizing the Free Religious Association, after the organizers had their say, a quiet gentleman, one of the least gregarious of mortals, was asked to make a few remarks.

He arose, and in a hesitating, meditative manner began:

"Mr. Chairman, I hardly felt, in finding this house this morning, that I had come into the right hall. I came, as I supposed myself summoned to a little committee meeting for some practical end, where I could happily and humbly learn my lesson; and I supposed myself no longer subject to your call when I saw this house."

Having thus explained how he happened in, he expressed his gratification at what he had heard.

"I have listened with great pleasure to the lessons we have heard. To many—to those last spoken—I have found so much in accord with my own thought, that I have little left to say."

Such was the halting preamble of the address of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Abou Ben Adhem of the Free Religious Association, whose name leads all the rest.

No one but Emerson was surprised that so many people should have expressed ideas with which he was in accord, for during the last quarter of a century he had been planting these thoughts in their minds. The only wonder was that so many seed thoughts had come up true to kind.

The fact is that the ideas expressed were those with which Emerson had long been keeping company, but he was a little bewildered at finding them organized in an Association, with constitution and by-laws and Secretary-Treasurer. For Emerson's talents did not lie in organization.

Emerson approved of all kinds of societies. They were things he was glad to have people belong to—that is, other people. For himself, he liked to express his sympathy, and then slip out without disturbing the meeting.

In his essay on New England Reformers, he makes his confession:

"These new associations are composed of men and women of superior talents and sentiments. Yet it may be easily questioned whether such a community will draw except at its beginning the able and the good. . . . Friendship and association, yes, excellent. But remember that no society can be so large as one man. He in his friendship, in his *natural* and *momentary* associations, doubles or multiplies himself, but in the hour in which he mortgages himself to two or twenty he dwarfs himself below the stature of one."

Emerson preferred the natural and momentary expression of personal thought to a resolution carried by unanimous vote.

A natural non-conformist, he had been amused by many of the attempts which his fellow non-conformists had made to get together to form what Lowell described as "a general union of total dissent."

In 1844, in the golden age of individualistic attempts at altruistic organization, he wrote of the assemblies "composed of altruists, of seekers, of all the soldiery of dissent meeting to call in question the authority of the Sabbath, of the priesthood and of the Church. In these movements nothing is more remarkable than the discontent they begot in the movers. The spirit of protest and detachment drove the members of these conventions to bear testimony against the Church and immediately after to declare their discontent with these conventions, their independence of their colleagues, and their impatience of the methods whereby they were working. They defied each other like a congress of Kings."

About the same time he put this sentence in his notebook without note or comment. "Mamma," said the child, *"they have begun again."* Evidently the child's remark suggested the feeling which he had after listening to another company of New England reformers.

The fact that he admired them, and encouraged them, and believed that they were necessary to the progress of mankind, did not prevent him from being glad that he was not compelled to listen to them all the time. He took comfort in the words of Swedenborg: "There are some angels who do not live consociated, but separate, house to house." The thought of these separate houses made the heaven of Philanthropy more attractive to him. And if he might be allowed to put a fence around his house to separate him from his neighboring philanthropist,—why all the better.

His characteristic attitude was that of kindly, sympathetic elusiveness. He liked to encourage others to do some things which he was not willing to do himself.

> I like a church, I like a cowl,
> I love the prophet of the soul,
> And on my heart monastic aisles
> Fall like sweet strains and holy smiles.
> But not for all his faith can see
> Would I that cowled churchman be.

Though Emerson came of a line of Puritan preachers, and though he had himself been for a time a parish minister, he had not in him the making of a good ecclesiastic. It was not because he did not believe in religion, nor because he did not believe in religious organization. Nor was it any objection to creeds or rituals as such.

It lay in his conception of religion as universal and natural. He believed not only in the church invisible, but in all the churches visible that there happened to be. It was the nature of invisible power to emerge into visibility. He accepted the religious world as he accepted the world of physical forms. They were both manifestations of a divine power.

> An energy that searches through
> From chaos to the dawning morrow
> Step by step lifts bad to good
> Without halting, without rest,
> Lifting better up to best.

In this way he looked upon religion. It was a part of Natural History. All special forms of worship, mystical experiences, ethical systems, were revelations of a spiritual energy. The spiritual life was organizing itself according to its own laws.

> A divine improvisation
> From the heart of God proceeds.
> A single will, a million deeds.

To one who looked upon the flowering of religion as a natural process, the exclusive claims of particular churches seemed altogether without foundation. There was no inherent rightness or wrongness in these nat-

ural diversities. "All forms are fugitive; substances survive." Creeds and rituals, synagogues and temples had their natural history; they grew out of the needs of the worshippers.

> Knowest thou what wove yon wood bird's nest
> Of leaves and feathers from its breast,
> Or how the fish outbuilt her shell
> Painting with morn each annual cell.
> Such and so grew these holy piles.

It is evident that if religion organizes itself in this fashion we need not concern ourselves greatly to impose our particular forms on those to whom they are not congenial. Emerson was content with Saadi to allow "the sons of contradiction" to go their own way, while he sat in the sunshine.

> Denounce who will, who will deny,
> And pile the hills to scale the sky.
> Let theist, atheist, pantheist
> Define and wrangle how they list,
> Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer,
> Be thou joy giver and enjoyer.

It is when we realize most fully the essentially solitary character of Emerson's genius, that we most appreciate the note which he strikes in his addresses to the Free Religious Association. For in these he takes associated effort seriously. The Civil War had profoundly influenced men's thoughts. The busy and self-conscious Utopianism which had at once allured him and amused him in the 40's and the 50's had given way to the terrible catastrophe of the 60's. People were not thinking any longer in terms of the individual. For four years the very existence of the nation had been at stake. The emphasis had not been on personal freedom, but on loyalty to the Union through which freedom might be preserved.

As we go back to Emerson's address, we find that after his halting introduction he warms to his theme. He speaks not as a "come-outer" to "come-outers," but as one who feels the need of co-operative effort. He alludes to the "soul of the late war." He is not looking forward to a new liberal cult. He accepts the call of the Free Religious Association as "an invitation to all religious men, whatever their connections, whatever their specialties, in whatever relation they stand to the Christian Church, to unite in a movement to benefit men under the sanction of religion."

Such a union was not to be one of churches only, but of all philanthropic and ethical institutions. He particularly mentioned the Sanitary Commission.

"I wish that the various beneficent institutions which are springing up like joyful plants of wholesomeness all over the country should all be remembered as within the sphere of this committee—almost all of them are represented here—and that within this little band shall grow friendship. The interests that grow out of a meeting like this should bind us with new strength to the old eternal duties."

He criticizes the existing churches not for their affirmations, but for their negations. "The church is not large enough for the man." The time has come to disassociate the church from "the mortifying puerilities that abound in religious history" and to learn that "only on the basis of active duty, worship finds its expression."

In his address at the second annual meeting, Emerson makes a simple statement of his own faith.

"I have no wish to proselyte any reluctant mind, nor have I any impulse to intrude on those whose ways of thinking differ from mine, but I am ready to give the simple foundations of my belief:—that the author of Nature has not left himself without a witness in any sane mind; that the moral sentiment speaks to every man the law after which the Universe was made; that we find parity, identity of design through Nature, and benefit to be the uniform aim; that there is a force always at work to make the best better and worst good."

"Religion is that which teaches the man to go alone, not to hang on the world as a pensioner, a permitted person, but an adult, searching soul, brave to assist or resist a world."

"We want all the aids to our moral training. We cannot spare the vision nor the virtues of the Saints, but let it be by pure sympathy and not with any personal or official claim."

As for the differences between the various forms of historic faith, Emerson would rejoice in them all.

"I find something stingy in the unwitting and disparaging admissions of these foreign opinions—opinions from all parts of the world—by our Churchmen as if only to enhance by their dimness the superior light of Christianity."

"I hail with delight as showing the riches of my brother, my fellow soul who could thus think and thus greatly feel. Zealots eagerly fasten their eyes on the differences between their creed and yours, but the charm of the study is in finding the agreements, the identities in all the religions of men."

Today when the Free Religious Association confronts the problems of the new day, it cannot do better than to renew its acquaintance with the spirit of Emerson—a spirit buoyant, bold, free and reverent in regard to the eternal things. It is a great thing to share his sympathy with the religions which have organized themselves unconsciously, and to share his belief that when religion has freed itself from its earlier superstitions, it is able to organize itself still more beautifully and efficiently according to the rules of reason. He said to this Association:

"I am glad to believe that society contains a class of humble souls who enjoy the luxury of a religion that does not degrade; who think it the highest worship to expect of Heaven the most and the best; who do not wonder that there was a Christ, but that there were not a thousand, who conceived an infinite hope for mankind; who believe that the history of Jesus is the history of every man written large."

Another to Be Counted

Dear Editor:

I have had the pleasure of reading UNITY for some two years at our Public Library. I now rise to the occasion of becoming a subscriber and a member of the Free Religious Association. Out West we are almost lost. The spirit of UNITY, however, is not lost.

There are a number of Unitarian ministers on this coast whose names ought to be with "those willing to be counted." Place mine there. Somehow I am a poor beginner in the work. Have preached for over four years and a half but only six or eight times in a church building. Have been holding on to this western outpost. Did not want my name to be the first west of the Mississippi, lest it make the West seem a little backward. We have a fine lot of men in the churches out here and very much of your mind. A letter from one of the best souls God ever gave breath reveals how many conscientious men we have.

Best wishes to you. May the sacredness of your work dawn upon all thinking men and women.

"Love of Battle-Torn Peoples" is a real gospel of love. It is good news.

Sincerely,

Stockton, Cal. ARTHUR B. HEEB.

Solitude sometimes is best society.

—*Milton.*

How I Became Interested in the Immigrant

(See Editorial, page 292.)

I first became interested in the immigrant in Chicago, where my husband owned a large Italian tenement. I drifted into Hull House, as do most Chicago women when they begin to want to help other people, and got quite interested in the work there among the foreign population. One day it suddenly dawned on me that I had a foreign population of my own right under my nose in my town tenement, and the place for me was among my own immigrant tenements. I didn't care for that tenement's condition at all when I became acquainted with it. I got my husband to let me take entire charge of it. I collected all the rents, attended to all the repairs, looked after the welfare of my people, and took a keen personal interest in their affairs. And I want to say right here that I didn't go in for any "reforming" of my tenants. I did not take myself as the arbiter of their moral destiny. I just liked them and wanted to help them where I could, and felt a human interest in everything they did.

Our tenement was down in the First Ward, the habitat of the Gray Wolves; Hinkey-Dink and Bath-House John and Annie Carlo, Queen of the Italians, were all confréres of mine. We all worked together, for in spite of their many shortcomings Hinkey-Dink and Bath-House John were good to the immigrants in many ways; they looked after them when they landed and helped them to jobs and took care of them when they were sick. Annie Carlo, who was called the Queen of the Italians, was my right-hand woman. She was quite a political factor in those days; she knew her people and how they could best be reached. I made one of the tenements into a hall and put in a piano, and we used to give entertainments and had our social times there. Every Christmas we had a Christmas tree. I ran the tenement for eight years, giving it my personal supervision and becoming more interested in the immigrant all the time.

So perhaps it was natural for me to identify myself with the interests of the foreigners in the field of Americanization when the Boston Equal Suffrage Association issued its plan for war relief.

"Will you tell how you were able to get in touch with such a large number of foreigners through your Boston Equal Suffrage Association? Would your methods in Boston be applicable generally?"

Why not? The Swede is a Swede whether he lives in Boston or New York, the Italian is an Italian whether he lives in Washington or Sacramento. We got in touch with our foreign population by trying to get their point of view before we tried to make them get ours. And right here I would like to say a word on the foreignization of Americans. We don't try to understand the art and poetry of the Italian nature, the psychology of the Russian, the simple virtues of the Scandinavian. No, we want them to turn right in and be Americans. But let me tell you, there is more poetry and beauty in the life of the Italian settlement of Boston than there is in all the Back Bay neighborhood and the Newtons combined.

Well, we got the Italians interested through their schools. The head of the Elliot School of Boston is an Italian, also a suffragist. Through the introductions he gave our organizers we secured a committee to plan the Italian meetings. At the first one the hall was decorated by Italians with the Italian colors, the American flag on one side of the platform, the Italian flag on the other. The school orchestra furnished the music, Italian singers sang Italian songs. The speaking was in Italian. At one point in the program the young girls who had assisted in decorating the hall and working up our audiences came in in native costume and danced the tarantella. Fifteen minutes before the time for the meeting the doors had to be closed. The hall was packed with young Italian men. The meeting was enthusiastic and the discussion very earnest. One fiery young Italian objected to women having the vote because if they had the vote "they would no longer be good mothers and take care of the babies and children." That has given us our clue for our next Italian meeting. We are going to feature babies. Suffragists are going to show how to feed them, how to take care of them, how to protect them during the summer heat. We are going to distribute literature on how to care for babies, printed in Italian, and we shall show on the screen mothers and babies in various attractive ways. We find the screen is a great educator and very popular. All the foreigners like pictures.

Our next meeting was held in a ward where the population was composed mainly of Russian Jews. We used the steropticon and featured the Russian revolution. We showed pictures of Russia, scened in Moscow and Petrograd, and then we proceeded to our own country, showing the beautiful scenery of the great West, where women have the vote, put in our facts and figures in regard to woman suffrage, and closed with a tribute to the great suffragist of the hour, President Wilson. His picture was thrown on the screen, with scenes of the White House and the Capitol, and the pictures closed with one of our own flag. The discussion which followed dealt with the high cost of living and the necessity of women having a voice in the government if there is to be proper food regulation. The follow-up work among the Russian Jews is to be through furnishing opportunities for squads of these women who are already schooled in field work to secure plots for gardens.

Our third meeting was a Scandinavian meeting, held at the Boston Equal Suffrage Headquarters. A stereopticon lecture was given, with scenes from Norway, Finland, Iceland and Denmark. In greeting the Scandinavians our lecturer acknowledged the debt of gratitude of the women of the whole world to Scandinavia for its pioneer work in woman suffrage.

The district plan of organization of the National American Woman Suffrage Association makes it possible for American suffragists to carry on an organized Americanization movement extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. My new committee's answer to the call to the colors lies in giving the word "Americanization" a new and definite meaning, and suffragists can render no more needed patriotic service than to break down the wall which separates the native-born American from the immigrant alien, and establish a common ground in which mutual respect, appreciation and confidence may germinate and grow. President Wilson in his message to Congress said: "We are a composite and cosmopolitan people. We are a people of many bloods." We must also be a united people.

Mrs. F. P. Bagley.

From The Woman Citizen, June 2, 1917.

The Logic of Tippoo Na Gai

Tippoo Na Gai sat in the sun and baked himself. His regiment was to leave that night to go and fight the enemy of the Great White Father. Therefore Tippoo Na Gai sat and dreamed of the lovely Koro Koro, the daughter of Kuniakari. When the war was over Tippoo Na Gai would return with ten gold pieces. He would buy himself two cows and he would buy himself his desired wife. All would be well with the world and Tippo Na Gai would be happy.

Tippo Na Gai got up and went to the church, which was situated within the walls of the barracks. He loved the church. It was a beautiful spot. It smelled of strange odors like the forest after the rainfall of early spring. There was a window in the church which looked like a sunset, only it was more beautiful. Inside the church lived Father Jerome. He loved his black children and often told them about Heaven. Tippoo Na Gai and the other soldiers would all go to Heaven, only they must not fight and they must not drink evil liquor and they must not steal the wives of the merchants in town and they must love each other. For they were all children of One Father who lived far beyond the mountains of Wayad'uga

"Father," said Tippoo Na Gai, "I must leave you. I am a soldier and I must now go and fight the enemy."

"My son," Father Jerome answered, "thou must be brave and fight well and kill thine enemy."

"But Father, hast thou not taught me to love mine enemy like my own brother for all these many years?"

"Indeed, so I have and my heart is glad that thou hast learned this lesson."

"Then," asked Tippoo Na Gai, "why must I kill mine enemy and not love him like my brother?"

"My son," Father Jerome said, "thou dost not understand these things as well as thy brother the white man. Thine enemy is an evil man. Thou must kill him and gain Paradise."

Tippoo Na Gai kneeled before the priest. "My Father," he begged, "bless me. I shall be a good soldier. I shall kill mine enemy and I shall come back with much glory."

That night Tippoo Na Gai together with four thousand other men was packed in open cattle-trucks. The next day a fleet of gray vessels took them on board. Four days later the soldiers were landed in a strange and cold harbor. During two months they lived among unfamiliar people. Then they were hastened to the front. And for ten days they lived in a small ditch filled with slime and mud and the smell of decaying flesh.

On the morning of the eleventh day word went round that there was to be a charge. The men were told to rest and sleep. One hour before noon the guns broke loose. The shells shrieked and hissed and it sounded as if the air and the earth were whipped with iron scourges. At five o'clock the guns stopped. The Colonel who knew and loved his men spoke to those who were nearest. He used little endearing words as if he were addressing his own children.

"Courage, my little ones. Courage. A few minutes more and we shall be out in the open. There will be glory for all of us. Be brave, my children. Kill the enemy. Now ready . . . one . . . Two . . . three," and at the head of his men he rushed toward the enemy.

Tippoo Na Gai was the first to follow. A bullet hit the Colonel in the jaw. The blood spurted out of the wound and dripped on Tippoo Na Gai's uplifted left hand. Wild with rage, like a tiger whose mate has been killed, he jumped into the German trench. With a violent thrust he pinned the first soldier he saw against the wooden support of a dugout door. The man shrieked. He was not dead. There was a terrible explosion. Something hit Toppoo Na Gai in the back. He fell to his knees and his hands groped in a world suddenly turned dark. "I have killed mine enemy," he whispered. Then he fainted.

When Tippoo Na Gai came to, he was propped up by many white pillows in a small white bed—one of a long row of other white cots. A woman came to him. Tippoo Na Gai knew who she was. She was one of God's angels sent to Earth to tend the fallen heroes.

"You must be very still," she said.

"Am I hurt badly?" asked Tippoo Na Gai.

"Quite badly, but you will be well again if you will be very still."

Tippoo Na Gai was very weak. He smiled and the angel from Heaven smiled back at him.

"I am a good soldier and I have killed mine enemy."

"You are a very brave soldier, and may God have mercy upon all your enemies."

Two days later Tippoo Na Gai was allowed to sit up for fifteen minutes. Now he could look at the men in the other cots. On his left was a soldier whose face was bandaged. Tippoo Na Gai could not see who he was. On his right lay a figure very white and very still. In some way it looked familiar. The eyes were wide open and at last they met those of the dark soldier by his side.

"Sister," Tippoo Na Gai called, "who is that?"

The Sister came. She put her hand on his shoulder. "You must be very quiet," she told him. "That man will do you no harm. He is one of our enemies, and he was very badly wounded."

"Will he die?"

"No, he will live, but we must be very careful."

For the second time in his life Tippoo Na Gai had fainted.

For several days Tippoo Na Gai was delirious. Often he wept. He wanted to die. He had not been a good soldier. He had been told to kill his enemy. His enemy was alive. Tippoo Na Gai had not done his duty.

Then one night, when the air was full of the tender warmth of summer Tippoo Na Gai saw his chance. The nurse was at work in another corner of the large ward. Silently the wounded man slid out of his bed. One step brought him to the cot of his neighbor. A sudden pressure of two thumbs upon a bare throat, a violent upheaving of a heavy body, and the enemy of Tippoo Na Gai fell back dead.

One of the other sick men shrieked. The nurse rushed forward. She found a black soldier with the trusting eyes of a child leaning with one hand upon the chest of his victim.

"I am a good soldier now," he said, his voice full of triumph. "I am a good soldier. I have killed mine enemy."

It took a court-martial just ten minutes to condemn to death the corporal of the second native regiment, named Tippoo Na Gai, who had been born on the mountainside of Wayad'uga. He had been found

guilty of "wilful murder." The sentence was to be carried out at once. Tippoo Na Gai asked that he might address his judges. His request was granted.

"Great Master," he said and bowed low to the president of the court, "Great Master, you told me once to be a good soldier and kill mine enemy."

The Court solemnly bowed its head. "So we did."

"Great Master, do you kill me now because I did what I was told to do?"

Even when the bullets hit his breast Tippo Na Gai still mumbled, "I do not understand the ways of the White Man."—*Hendrik Willem Van Loon, in The New Republic.*

The Cult of Hate

We knew it was inevitable; war mutilates souls as well as bodies. But we did not suppose that a well known trustee of the American Defense League would boldly sign his name to a plea for hate, not only of the sin but of the war-crazed, pitiable beings who have committed it. This trustee asks: "Shall we not hate the venomous Prussians . . . who carry in their pockets the hands of little children? (See Belgian Official Report.)" If it was not difficult to get the photographs which we have seen of the wretched little black children in the rubber district of the Belgian Congo whose handless wrists were pictured and the copies sent broadcast, how is it that in nearly three years time not a newspaper has been enterprising enough to photograph a single victim of German atrocities who is minus hands? One would think that nothing would be more serviceable to a recruiting officer could such a photograph be made.

When the leading member of the Boston orchestra returned from Germany some months after war began, he was reported to have said that several of his wounded friends had had their eyes picked out by Belgian women. Whether this is true or not I know not, but a prominent Belgian told me that his people had also committed atrocities. An American woman who traveled last summer through East Prussia told me of the monstrous cruelties by the Russians never reported in the American press; among them was the shutting up of two hundred people in a barn which was not opened until they had starved to death.

Within a few weeks thousands of American citizens at Memphis assembled to gloat over the agony of a negro, burned in a steel cage after his ears and foot had been cut off. Such Apache ferocity has never been equalled in Christendom except in similar previous incidents which have shamed us before the world. If we are to hate the wicked, let us be consistent and hate them all, especially those who have dragged our own honor in the dust and made us a byword for crime among the nations.

We may be entering on a long war. The vilest product of it will not be graft, nor loot, nor piles of mangled corpses. It will be the cult of hate which will poison our souls if we dare let it enter. Germany has now forbidden in the schools Lissauer's hymn of hate; she discovered what a harvest she would reap. For the sake of our own souls and of our little children, let us scorn to hate.

Boston, Mass. LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Charles Lamb

Charles Lamb was a Londoner. He was born in Crown Office Row in the Temple in the year 1775, and died at Edmonton in 1834. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, the old blue-coat school in Newgate street, where he gained his acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classical writers. In later life he was a diligent student of the English classics, the "Religio Medici" being one of his especial favorites.

Among Lamb's schoolfellows, Samuel Taylor Coleridge stands out conspicuously, and the two authors remained firm friends through life. In his essay on "Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago," the following passage refers to Coleridge—"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samual Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, intranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandola), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy!—Many were the 'wit-combats' (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller), between him and C. V. LeG—, 'which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man of war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Charles Lamb's business life was spent in the office of the East India Company, where in course of years he attained a position that provided him with a considerable income. His literary work was produced by way of relaxation. The "Tales from Shakespeare" were written with the help of his sister. The charm of "The Essays of Elia," is universally acknowledged, and "Rosamund Gray" is a masterpiece of pathos. For humor one may select the description of the typical Scotsman in the essay on "Imperfect Sympathies." It is impossible to do justice to an author like Lamb by extracts, but the following must serve: "You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if indeed they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests anything, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. . . . His understanding is always at its meridian. . . . Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. . . . They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth . . . that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of dis-

putation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that 'that was impossible because he was dead.' An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive."

On one occasion, when books were the topic of conversation, Lamb pronunced "John Buncle" to be healthy, whereupon a Scotchman, who happened to be present, remarked that he could not for the life of him understand how a book could properly be said to enjoy either good or bad health. Thomas Carlyle occasionally met Lamb during the Londoner's last years, and showed himself a typical Scot in his failure to appreciate the southern man of letters. Carlyle's humor was of the grim and somewhat forbidding kind, and it must be admitted that Lamb's conversational witticisms were frequently very trivial, and moreover his convivial excesses were an abomination to the stern Caledonian.

In his last years at the office of the East India Company, Lamb was allowed considerable liberty. One morning when he was particularly late in arriving, his senior said to him, "You come very late in the morning Mr. Lamb." "Yes," answered Lamb with twinkling eyes, "but you see I make up for it by leaving early in the afternoon." Lamb retired from the office with a pension at the age of fifty. In his essay on "The Superanuated Man," he describes the sense of relief and pleasure that his new freedom afforded him. During the period of his retirement he collected and published "The Last Essays of Elia."

The old East India Company was dissolved after the Indian Mutiny, and its duties were assumed by the British Government, the India Office in Whitehall, London, being the seat of the administration. In one of the rooms at that office hangs a portrait of Lamb by Henry Meyer. Charles Lamb vividly demonstrates the power of the pen, for the majority of readers are indebted to his pages for such knowledge as they possess of the wealthy East India Company and its influential directors.

Another portrait, and a particularly interesting one, is by his friend William Hazlitt, the essayist, who was also no mean artist, though after painting this portrait of Lamb he is thought to have relinguished the painter's art. The picture, which is in the National Portrait Gallery in London, shows a half-length figure garbed as a Venetian senator, and represents Lamb at about thirty years of age.

Providence was capricious when designing Lamb's frame, for he was endowed with a remarkably fine head set upon a somewhat insignificant body, and one at least of his portraits evidently over-emphasizes the deficiency of his figure. His sedentary life moreover would tend to retard bodily development. The highest class of boys at Christ's Hospital were called Grecians. Lamb did not remain long enough at the school to join this select band. Possibly, if he had been allowed to do so, he might have been inspired with the ardour of the ancient Greeks for training the human frame by healthful exercise.

In spite of his severe domestic trials, Charles Lamb led a happy and a useful life. The daily routine of thirty-three long years of office work produced substantial and tangible results, both in actual accomplishment and in pecuniary reward. His literary work moreover, the labors of relaxation, gave him large measure of enjoyment as well as due share of emolument. Happy also was Lamb in his chosen associates. What lofty vistas of transcendental heights must have been disclosed during his lifelong friendship with Coleridge! Wordsworth, Southey, and Godwin were his correspondents; Talfourd, Haydon, Procter, and Hazlitt his intimate friends. Lamb was ever even-tempered. In the pages of Procter, of Talfourd, or of Crabb Robinson he appears invariably the same kindly genial presence. The like pleasant personality pervades his own writings, and seems to emerge and dominate the reader, for in fact there are very few other writings not professedly autobiographical that tell us so much about the author's self. Is there any other word than *charm* that so well describes our feeling for the gentle, humorous, kindly fellow-mortal, who excites our interest, and pleases us in such a welcome manner? He does not reprove us, or annoy us, or puzzle us, or seek to instruct us; but he relieves our dullness, cures our dyspeptic humors, and whiles away our leisure hours, finally leaving us supremely quiet, peaceful, and contented, benevolently disposed to our fellows, and serenely unconscious of the petty inconvenience of daily life.

Without seeking to palliate Lamb's one outstanding weakness, his liking for strong drink, we must recollect that such failings were a feature of the period, and pervaded all classes—"as drunk as a lord" having actually become a popular phrase. Now Lamb's bodily frame was not altogether normal, and he was far from robust, so that the effect of drink upon him was both rapid and serious, with the unfortunate result that he frequently became intoxicated, while his friends who were enjoying his hospitality experienced no similar effects.

Charles Lamb was a Unitarian, but not an assertive or militant one. Yet truth will out, and we learn his faith in the Essays of Elia. Coleridge is known to have been a Unitarian minister when a young man, and the two friends had a common creed at that time, although the mind of Coleridge afterwards developed in other directions.

The first Unitarian services in London were held in Essex street by Theophilus Lindsey in 1774, and four years later Essex Street Chapel was opened, so that Lamb and Unitarianism entered the metropolis at about the same time, and in the immediate vicinity of each other, for Essex street adjoins the precincts of the Temple. Thus Lamb's thoughts would naturally be led in the direction of Essex street, and he became an admirer both of Lindsey and of Lindsey's friend, Dr. Priestley. In a letter written in the year 1830 he says: "Did G. D. send his penny tract to me to convert me to Unitarianism? Dear blundering soul! Why I am as old a one-Goddite as himself."

In 1825 Lamb had contributed to the London *Magazine* a serious remonstrance with Unitarians for their weakness and inconsistency in allowing themselves to make use of the established church for marriages. There are not many people who would approve of the only other practical alternative offered in those days to a marriage in the Episcopal Church, namely a union without the sanction of the law of the land, and the consequent flouting of the generally accepted

standards of morality. Moreover the marriage service of the Anglican Church contains no actual confession of faith, although it may certainly be stated to imply a belief in the Trinity.

In addition to being a Unitarian himself, two of Lamb's earliest biographers, Talfourd and Crabb Robinson, were also Unitarians. Talfourd is known to fame both as a literary man and a lawyer, having been a judge of the supreme court in England towards the close of his life, and having died during the performance of his judicial duties. Talfourd was a warm friend of Charles Dickens, who depicts him as Traddles in "David Copperfield." Talfourd was about twenty years of age when he first met Charles Lamb, and his account of the meeting is somewhat pathetic. He refers to Lamb's stutter and his unfortunate failing, but he recognized the spark of celestial fire in spite of the infirmity of the flesh. Talfourd is our authority for Lamb's description of his own appearance as being compounded of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel.

Crabb Robinson can hardly be properly called a biographer of Charles Lamb, but rather a diarist or annalist; yet his diary forms an excellent mine for anyone digging for traces of Lamb, the ore being very rich in his pages. The recent "Life of Charles Lamb," by E. V. Lucas, makes full use of this diary. The genius of Charles Lamb is, however, far from appealing solely or even mainly to the Unitarians, for one of the modern biographies was written by Canon Ainger, a dignitary of the Episcopal Church; and in fact, Lamb's readers and admirers are of all sects and churches, and include some of those also who prefer not to adopt any ecclesiastical label.

There is a fine portrait of Charles Lamb by Thomas Wageman in a private collection in New York City. The picture is reproduced in Talfourd's and Lucas's books.

E. Basil Lupton.

SONGS OUT OF STRESS

SPIRIT'S HOUSE

From naked stones of agony
I will build a house for me;
As a mason all alone
I will raise it, stone by stone,
And every stone where I have bled
Will show a sign of dusky red.
I have not gone the way in vain,
For I have good of all my pain;
My spirit's quiet house will be
Built of naked stones I trod
On roads where I lost sight of God.

From *Poetry.* —*Sara Teasdale.*

LESSONS

Unless I learn to ask no help
From any other soul but mine,
To seek no strength in waving reeds
Nor shade beneath a straggling pine;
Unless I learn to look at Grief
Unshrinking from her tear-blind eyes,
And take from Pleasure fearlessly
Whatever gifts will make me wise—
Unless I learn these things on earth
Why was I ever given birth?

From *Poetry.* —*Sara Teasdale.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

XXII.

The Enlargement of Literature

Whittier 1807-1892

To worship rightly is to love each other.
"Worship."

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care. (Old text.)

John White Chadwick, in speaking of the religious influence of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Whittier, has said that Whittier's influence upon the religious world was greater than that of any of the others. Mary B. Chaflin writes, "If the worth of a life may be estimated by the number of lives uplifted and inspired, Mr. Whittier's measure will exceed that of most men of this or any other country." It is also undoubtedly true that Whittier's writings have had a large part in the enlargement of the religious concept in America. His religious poems express the anti-Puritanical feeling of that minority in New England who had little sympathy with the creeds and political bigotry of the reigning church and who formed later the material on which Unitarianism and Universalism drew so largely.

Whittier came from a long lived line of stalwart New Englanders. Thomas Whittier, perhaps a Huguenot, in 1638 settled at Salisbury in the Valley of the Merrimac River, a beautiful country of low hills, woods and lovely valleys and which later developed into a prosperous industrial community, though at that time but sparsely settled. Later he moved to Haverhill where he built, aided by his five sons, the Whittier homestead, which, while it has been partially rebuilt, still retains the original frame work of oak. Haverhill, a frontier village, was subject to incursions from the Indians but from these raids Thomas Whittier is said never to have suffered and refused to take refuge in the block house. All through the Indian massacres the Whittiers were never molested and it is a family tradition that they did not even bolt their doors at night.

Thomas was not a Quaker, but as a prominent citizen supported the Quakers in many ways. His youngest son, Joseph, married Mary Peasley, a Quaker, and the next four generations were Friends. Carpenter speaks of the links that bound our Whittier to the soil,—

A great-great-grandfather, a giant pioneer, who hewed out a homestead in the wilderness; a great-grandfather, a grandfather, and a father, all younger sons, who each married a farmer's daughter and kept the homestead in his turn. We know little of what they did, nothing of what they said and

thought; it was a silent ancestry, a typical New England ancestry of toil and independence and content.

The record of Whittier's immediate parents is not much fuller. His father was a trustworthy man, holding minor town offices with approval, and respected in religious society.

It was the mother,—far younger than her husband,—from whom Whittier and his sister Elizabeth drew their brilliant eyes and emotional sensitiveness, who understood best the son and cherished his ambitions. She was a beautiful and godly woman, full of a saintly peace and an overflowing human kindness which made her a very type of her religion.

The homestead in which John Greenleaf Whittier was born is accurately photographed in "Snowbound," which recreates as pictures and other books fail to, the atmosphere of the Colonial home. Notice the realism in the building of the fire:

We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick;
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme, "Under the tree,
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

Whittier's health suffered from the toughening process of the New England climate and from the too heavy farm work; all through his life he was delicate The family was always poor and knew very few luxuries. Few books found their way into the home and Whittier has told of those in one of his earliest rhymes.

The Bible towering o'er all the rest,
Of all other books the best

William Penn's laborious writing
And a book 'gainst Christians fighting.

A book concerning John's Baptism,
Elias Smith's Universalism.

How Captain Riley and his crew
Were on Sahara's desert threw.

How Rollins, to obtain the cash,
Wrote a dull history of trash.

The lives of Franklin and of Penn
Of Fox and Scott, all worthy men.

The life of Burroughs, too, I've read,
As big a rogue as e'er was made.

And Tufts, too, though I will be civil,
Worse than an incarnate devil.

Whittier had very little schooling, attending district school irregularly. Joshua Coffin, a teacher, gave him his first inspiration in poetry in a volume of Burns. Burns proved to be his literary master in verse as Milton was in prose. His first poem to appear in print was "The Exile's Departure," published in William Lloyd Garrison's paper the *Free Press*. Garrison hunted up the young poet, only seventeen years old, encouraged him to write and urged more education. Although discouraged by his parents on account of lack of money, Whittier earned money for his first term by making slippers. He then taught for a year and earned enough money for another year at Haverhill Academy. Then came a journalistic career of several years, Whittier editing one paper after another, at one time editing the *Philadelphia Freeman*.

T. W. Higginson says that, "As Whittier was a writer for the press before he attended a high school, so he was a politician before he was a reformer." Although he proved a politician of the better type he was early swept into political work of a demoralizing nature from which he was saved by the anti-slavery movement. He knew how to get what he wanted out of men, did not hesitate to use them and readily promised to look out for his friends in politics.

Through the influence of Garrison he threw in his lot with the Abolitionists. In 1833 he published a pamphlet on "Justice and Slavery" by which he bid farewell to success in politics. In the same year he was invited by Garrison to attend as a delegate the National Anti-Slavery Convention, held in Philadelphia at which time the whole organized movement came into being. His feeling for Garrison then reached its high water mark, expressed in his verses "To W. L. G." The gathering called for immediate abolition of slaves by peaceful methods. In 1833, he also called for the suppression of slaves by States, the measure first looked upon as impossible but which developed so rapidly that attempts were made to put it down by mob force. At this time the Anti-Slavery Hall in Philadelphia in which Whittier had his office, and which was the stronghold of the party, was burned down. Although a non-resistant, Whittier had on one occasion to flee for his life and at another time was caught in the thick of a fight. Garrison and Whittier stood together in this movement but soon separated, Garrison was for disunion, Whittier for victory through the ballot by peaceful efforts and the latter organization became the "Free Soil" and finally the Republican party. The two men worked on different lines but they were always friends. Whittier went for one term to the state legislature and worked there very hard for the abolition movement, woman's suffrage, temperance, the various labor movements and of course pacifism. Regarding John Brown he wrote to Mrs. Maria Child:

God is now putting our non-resistance principles to a severe test. I hope we shall not give the lie to our life-long professions. I quite agree with thee that we must judge of Brown by *his* standards; but at the same time we must be true to our settled convictions, and to the duty we owe to humanity.

In 1836 he moved to Amesbury with the convenience of his mother and sister Elizabeth in mind, as they were delicate and a Friends' Meeting House was near by. Whittier never married, though in his youth he had two or three love affairs and many women friends.

Carpenter in writing of his love poetry mentions a poem showing that some love of his youth, a brown haired girl, lived in his memory "for fifty years and became his Beatrice, a transfigured being, the image of all that might have been, the type of joys unknown, the pure guide of his spirit, the memory of a meeting with whom at Marblehead, by the gray fort's broken

wall, was woven into what is to me his most musical and most lovely poem," one verse of which reads:

Look forth once more through space and time,
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
On memory's frescoed wall,
A shadow, and yet all!

Whittier did not care for society but had many friends, among them Emerson, Mrs. Stowe, Lucy Larcom and Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

It is not likely that Whittier will ever be studied as a great artist. Of his poems written before 1827 he preserved in his collected edition only eight and these in an appendix. But while he did not enter personally into the struggle for the freedom of the slave, his anti-slavery poems were a contribution which grew more and more powerful as the struggle progressed. In his religious poems we find a lofty spirituality of thought due perhaps to his descent from Quakers and Huguenots used "to suffer and be strong for conscience sake." One author speaks of him as "The poet of the moral sentiment and of the heart and faith of the people of America." This we glimpse in his masterpiece "Revelation."—

I know He is, and what He is,
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on His
Immortal Love and Fatherhood;
And trust Him, as His children should.

He pondered the riddle of the Trinity and finds:

The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul;—and the Three are One!

Whittier had little patience with creeds. The Inner Light was that which matters. A few stanzas of "My Soul and I," will lead you to read the whole.

And, where art thou going, soul of mine?
Canst see the end?
And whither this troubled life of thine
Evermore doth tend?

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth.

The Present, the Present, is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

It is a curious fact that while Whittier did not know a note of music and did not believe in the singing of hymns in a religious service, we find his poems in all hymnbooks. Higginson tells us that out of the sixty-six hymns prepared in 1893 for the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, more were taken from Whittier's poems than from any other author, there being nine in all. Our own "Unity Hymns and Chorals" contains twenty-five.

He satisfies the thought of one who would spend an hour a week in a place of worship in "The Meeting," and in "Our Master" reveals his allegiance to,

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

A Task for Women in War Time

Note: The following resolutions were introduced by Miss Zona Gale at the Annual Meeting of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Rochester, New York, and were issued by them to 800 women's clubs in New York State and to 3,000 clubs in the United States. They were also passed on May 5 by the Collegiate Alumnae and the Jewish Woman's Council of Rochester. UNITY is glad to commend them to its readers—whether club women or not.—Ed.

Will you join us and other women's organizations in strengthening one another for the days to come? This task includes more than the relief work which will largely occupy the women of all nations. It includes more than expressions of loyalty. It includes more than the easy forms of national service. It must include the conscious and consecrated effort to keep down the flood of hatred which has always come with war. Let us add to each day's duty this need to keep down hate and intolerance wherever we touch it. Our task must include, too, remembrance and emphasis of the fact that we must bring into being some machinery of peace commensurate with the present machinery for war. * * Peace, when it comes, must be made by the people of the world for the people of the world, and not by diplomats for their governments. And we must bring into being some plan to maintain peace in keeping with our present method of meeting war. * * To keep down hatred and intolerance, and to help form a great popular demand for world organization —these are tasks of love and of the spirit to which we may well open our thought and our speech. * * * Will you share with us the duty of spreading this word to the women of the world—

(1) By extending this message to at least ten clubs?

(2) By asking every club to act upon it and to have it inserted in the daily press.

If clubs have adjourned for the summer will you personally see that this letter reaches women who will assume this labor of love?

SERVICES AT ALL SOULS CHURCH

The pulpit at All Souls Church was acceptably filled on June 24th by Rabbi Harvey Franklin, who is in Chicago prior to his departure for his new parish at Oakland, Cal. Rabbi Franklin preached on "The Twenty-third Psalm," to which he gave an interesting literal translation from the original Hebrew. It was a pre-vacation sermon in which he emphasized the need of renewal of mind and body and spirit for the stern tasks of labor and suffering imposed by the war. He expressed the belief that even out of the horror of this war certain benefits may come—a deeper, clearer thoughtfulness concerning world problems, a re-valuation by the individual of social and political and religious values, and a wider consciousness of God. Mr. Franklin also referred to his boyhood in the Oakland neighborhood and the benign influence of All Souls Church and its pastor, and invited those present to attend his own service at Temple Israel on July 14th.

On July 1st, Professor Thomas A. Jenkins of the University of Chicago delivered an interesting address upon the topic: "Friends in the Civil War," Mrs. M. B. Powell conducting the service, and introducing the speaker. After reviewing the uncompromising stand taken by the Friends against the wrong of human slavery, even though they could not believe that war was the right way of ending it, and speaking of the "Underground Railway," conducted largely by the Quakers, by means of which so many slaves were helped to complete their escape into Canada, Mr. Jenkins referred to recent events in England where some three thousand conscientious objectors, chiefly Friends, are imprisoned for their refusal to bear arms. Extracts from letters from some of these were

(*Continued on page* 303.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....Jenkin Lloyd Jones
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....Edith Lloyd Jones

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Percy M. Dawson, Charles F. Dole, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, George Grover Mills, Joseph Newton, William M. Salter, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Albert R. Vail, Arthur L. Weatherly, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE THIRD CONFERENCE ON DEMOCRACY AND TERMS OF PEACE

Arrangements are now completed for the second Chicago meeting of the People's Council. The program is given below, as accurately as possible at this time, and every person who is interested in making this war actually a war for democracy, in this country as well as in the world, everyone who believes in maintaining the fundamental American rights of free speech, free press and free assemblage, everyone who upholds liberty of conscience, everyone who is interested in basic industrial, social and international problems, and the terms on which the United States shall finally cease fighting, should avail themselves of this opportunity of hearing these questions discussed by experts and of taking part in the formation of a People's Council which shall present to Congress throughout the duration of the war the views and needs and demands of the American people. The entire Middle West is urged to attend and all organizations in sympathy with the purpose of the Conference are invited to send delegates. Other Conferences will be held in other parts of the country and a National meeting will be held early in August. The plan has already attracted to it many who were never enrolled as pacifists, as well as radicals of all schools of thought and many pro-war people who believe in liberty of conscience.

All sessions save the mass meeting will be held in Music Hall, Auditorium Building, 431 S. Wabash Avenue. Discussion from the floor will follow each topic:

PROGRAM

Saturday, July 7, 10 A. M.: Chairman, E. C. Wentworth, Chicago.

Opening Address: Rev. Irvin St. John Tucker.

Business.

The Conscription Law: Congressman William E. Mason. Discussion: Nicholas Klein, Columbus, O.

The Conscientious Objector: Frank Stevens, Arden, Del.; Mrs. W. I. Thomas, Chicago.

Discussion: Led by C. E. Sorenson, Nebraska.

Saturday, 2:00 P. M.: James Maurer, Pennsylvania, Chairman.

Who Finances the War? Professor Keasby, Texas University; Wm. M. Holly, Wm. M. Clay.

Labor Standards in War-Time: Scott Nearing, D. S. Dunlop, Pres. of Farmers' Congress; Miss Mary McDowell, J. Weller Long, Am. Society of Equity.

Saturday, 8 P. M.: Morris Hillquit, Chairman.

The Rights of Free Speech, Free Assemblage, and Free Press: Mr. A. T. Ricker, editor of *Pearson's*.

Forces Making for Democracy and Peace in America and Europe: Laura Hughes, Canada; M. A. Stolar, Christian M. Madsen, Victor Berger, Carl D. Thompson, Mary O'Reilly.

Sunday, 10 A. M.: Chairman, Miss Ella J. Abeel.

Plans for Organization of National People's Council: Louis Lochner.

Sunday, 2 P. M.: Public Mass Meeting. National League Baseball Park, Addison Station, N. W. "L" R. R.

Speakers: Cong. Wm. E. Mason, James Maurer, Pres. Pa. A. F. of L.; Prof. L. N. Keasby, Morris Hillquit, Irwin St. John Tucker, Victor Berger, Seymour Stedman. Q.

SERVICES AT ALL SOULS CHURCH

(*Continued from page* 302.)

read, showing that in some cases they were given a choice between military service, the payment of $300, the sending of another in their place, or imprisonment, and had unhesitatingly chosen imprisonment. The policy now being carried out results in the re-arrest of the objector within two or three days of his release after his first term of imprisonment, thus subjecting him to two punishments for the same offense, but the treatment of the prisoners is less cruel than in the earlier years of the war.

As previously announced, the pulpit for the remainder of the summer will be occupied by Rev. Harry Foster Burns of Oshkosh. Mr. Burns has, during the past winter, conducted a most successful public Forum in his home city, and is a man much interested in the problems of the day, one whose sermons are to be of value to thinking men and women. All are cordially welcome. Q.

DR. GANNETT'S "HOUSEHOLD ALTAR

in Homes of the Liberal Faith Today"
(See Editorial—Page 292)

Dr. William C. Gannett has had recently published a new pamphlet entitled, "The Household Altar in Homes of the Liberal Faith Today." This is a strong and stirring appeal for a deeper interest in religious education in the home. Every parent should read it. Dr. Gannett has generously offered to the Committee on Religions in the Home, appointed from the Unitarian Sunday School Society, two hundred copies for free distribution. The committee feels that with the small number of these pamphlets at its disposal as compared with the large number of persons who ought to read them, it cannot afford to distribute them as freely as it wishes, but any parent or guardian desiring a copy may have one free of charge by applying to the chairman of the committee, Rev. Charles T. Billings, at 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

REEDY'S MIRROR — Unique Among Publications

It is devoted to a breezy and unconventional discussion of the larger issues of politics, sociology, economics, art, letters, music, finance.

Its point of view is tolerantly human rather than academic. Liberalism, as distinct from precipitate radicalism, is its policy. It strives for the best quality in its literary features, stories, essays, poetry, reviews, etc. Its financial articles are as well thought as written, for the public, not for the broker. It is not a society paper and it has no religious affiliations or inclinations.

It is a paper that arouses interest and provokes discussion. It is a paper each issue of which has an interest that persists beyond the concerns of the immediate hour. It is readable any time—anywhere.

REEDY'S MIRROR, ST. LOUIS, MO.

PHONE DREXEL 1732

Staples Sales Company Incorporated.

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

4004-4006-COTTAGE GROVE AVE
CHICAGO

THE SUFFRAGIST WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE
National Woman's Party

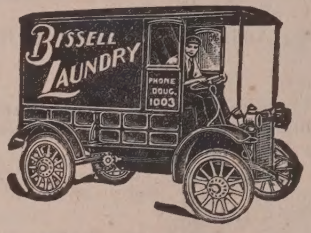
working solely for an amendment to the United States Constitution enfranchising all American women

"The Suffragist" is the one periodical which gives each week the Congressional record of that question so pertinent to every woman in this country—her right to a voice in her own government.

Published weekly at 21 Madison Place, Washington, D. C.
One year subscription, ONE DOLLAR. *Three months trial subscription, 25c*

A NEW BOOK
Songs of the Soul
Fifty Original Hymns and Tunes
By A. IRVINE INNES
A work which deserves the attention of lovers of sacred poetry and music, more especially churches and their singers. 50 cents net.
C. W. THOMPSON & CO.
2 B Park Street - Boston, Mass.

It's a "Case" of Necessity
Your job will be set right and printed right at the
OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP
743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535



1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
FOUR AUTOMOBILES
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
Bissell Laundry Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street Chicago

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk Cream Butter Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON CHICAGO OAK PARK

DREXEL
Motor Livery
Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 5-1288
4051 Drexel Blvd.
Pierce Arrow, Packard and Stearns
LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE
Our Rates Lowest in Chicago
Let Us Hear from Lincoln Centre If It Pays to Advertise

Schumann & Company
CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves
PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue